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MOUNTAIN ECHOES

The MOUNTAIN ECHOES is published by the inmates of the Manitoba Penitentiary, with the kind permission of the Commissioner of Penitentiaries, A.J. MacLeod. It is designed to promote a better understanding between inmate and public.

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Contents -

Volume twelve / Number five

ARTICLES

8. A.A. Anniversary Banquet

Staff

11. Cover Story

Staff

FICTION

4. Small Fry, Big Time F. Hoppe

SPORTS — Page 18

13th Annual Sports Day - A.B. Holowaty

New Sports Yard - Staff

Baseball - Sam Klein

DEPARTMENTS

The Mixed Up Page - 7

Penal Press Exchanges - 12

Sarge's Hobby Corner - 14

Big House (poem) - 16

Editor's Page - 3

The Editor's Page

Have you ever had the opportunity of witnessing a one-armed paper hanger at work? (i. e., the legitimate kind). If you have, any description of how handicapped the fellow is would be inadequate, and lacking about 90% of the full picture in detail. That, is approximately how I feel at the present time — 90% inadequate!

Conservatively speaking, only 10% remains on the credit side — that's not much but it's my story and I'm stuck with it, all 10%. Taking everything into consideration, 10% isn't too bad a start. At least it's better than starting at zero and working upwards. So, I have a commencing point for take-off and plenty of room to advance. If I have the gumption to grasp, the know-how is right at my fingertips at any time:

The States have imbedded an average vocabulary procured from several schools and various dispensaries of learning.

Ol' man Webster's handbook lies near at hand for easy reference.

Underwood has made his contribution by aptly supplying a writing aid to penmanship.

Our library equipped with several rows of bound tomes of literary achievements, and the diversified entertainment enclosed within the bound pages of periodicals and magazine publications.

Scads of paper awaiting the pressure of pen and pencil.

Friendly help and advice is ever near willing to give and to receive.

Penal publications keep me in touch with many others in like situations and predicaments similar to mine.

So many helpful items, things, and people — how can a person miss? Perhaps, it's possible. But, the individual has much to do with the outcome. Initiative and drive are compelling factors.

Supplied as I am at present, doubts are gradually dwindling. Personally, I think here's one Yank that's gonna make it.

Our former Editor, Don Hambleton, is no longer with us. He has departed to the Farm Camp, our honor colony, where he is absorbing all the wonders of the (near) free world. Don will be sorely missed by his many friends which he acquired during his many years of faithful service as editor of this publication.

From all of us, Don, our sincerest wishes.

SMALL - FRY

BIG - TIME

"Oh boy, Wowie! Thanks. Johnny". Joey picked up a spoon as he slowly revolved the triple-decker 'Missile' looking and testing for the safest place to dip in. A fella just didn't dig in and knock down all that pile of gooey marshmallow, 'n nuts, 'n cherries, 'n fudge, 'n chocolate syrup, 'n — .

"Eat it 'fore it melts, yah dope," teased Frankie as he nudged Joey's elbow

"Come on, wise guy, cut it out. Hey, Johnny, take care of him, willya!"

Johnny, in the midst of a spoon-lickin', wiped his mouth with a swipe of his hand back and forth, laughing at his pals. Dipping into the side of his concoction it undermined enough to tilt the top pretty close to - "Oops, mine is - nope, it's still up." Several quick pats with the spoon avoided any immediate disaster.

All three giggled at the near calamity. Even Mike, the Soda-jerk noticed and smiled while busily polishing glasses. "Better watch it, fellas, or you'll be making a mess."

Joey finally found a spot to start from and seemed to have the gooey situation under control - for the time being, anyhow.

Frankie, the least artistic of the three, had dipped right smack into the middle - most of his lickin' stuff was gone. He had avoided disaster by his sweet tooth.

Johnny had worked down to where each spoonful held both topping and ice cream. Everything was hunky-dory. "Hey, Mike, these are sure good. I'll betcha you put more stuff on top than you usually do, I'll betcha. Ain't they good, Guys?"

Mumbled replies of "Um-ni-m" sufficed for Mike. He knew they were good. After all, extra topping always brought out a boy's appreciation for his concoctions.

A few minutes of lickin' 'n smackin' silence hovered over the dwindling treats. Frankie finished first and took a long drink of water. "Boy, oh boy, that was a super-doooper of all doopers."

Joey scraped enough from the sides to get an extra lick before reaching for his glass of water. A coupla sips and swallows brought out an "Um."

Johnny pushed back his dish with a "Whew. Who wants another?"

"Are you kiddin'! I'm so full right now I could bust."

"Me too, and thanks Johnny. I ain't forgettin' this."

"Yeah, me too, Johnny."

"Ah, skip it, youse guys. You know we always share things."

"Yeah, we know, Johnny, but you're way ahead of us on treats. We ain't never gonna catch up widja."

"Ah, rats. I just been lucky and come up with some errand money more often than youse guys, thassal. That reminds me, I gotta go on another errand. Shoulda gone before this. I'll see youse guys later, huh?"

"Yeah, okeh, Johnny. Be seeing yah."

Johnny walked out of the Soda Shop and crossed the street. In the middle of the block, he turned into the alley and walked through to the next street. As he started down the sidewalk, he glanced back down the alley — his pals weren't following. No reason why they should. They never had before either. They were his pals and this was his errand — his own personal errand for himself. There had been other errands of a similar nature and he kinda hoped they'd continue. After all, there just wasn't any reason why they wouldn't. Anyway, none he could think of at the moment.

The Catholic Diocese were rightfully proud of their offerings and envelope contributions — The Immaculate Conception was a beautiful structure. She loomed tall and serene, with her lofty spires rising majestically into the sky.

Johnny glanced up and down the street before scampering up the steps and opening the door. Stepping inside, Johnny heard the door close with a soft swoo-oosh as he dipped his fingers in the Holy Water Font and crossed himself with the sign of the cross.

The hush of silence hung heavy and eternal across the dusky expanse of pews nestling side by side amidst the quick-flickering shadows. Rows of candles spluttered and dimmed, brightened again and gleamed as if blessed with a newly-born source of luminous splendor.

Towering pillars and arches reaching into the dark abyss above seemed to re-echo the quickened footsteps tip-toeing through the aisles. Accompanying the soft padding of shoes were the furtive glances cast into the corners. Johnny was 12, and the dimes and nickels that usually amounted to a couple dollars meant some extra goodie treats at the Soda Shop. Somehow, the kids seemed to know when he had something to treat with. All the kids too! Even his best friends. But they didn't figure in with the kids — Joey 'n Frankie were his pals.

The votive candles burning below the marble statues lifted their tongues of flame as if repeating the parishioner's petitions. Devoutly, many had knelt, after making an offering and lighting a candle, to ask some petition and fervently pray before departing. Towards these offerings, Johnny's footsteps tip-toed.

Johnny's eyes brightened in anticipation — lotsa candles meant lotsa dimes and nickels and maybe something bigger. Shucks, even the pennies helped to make a bulge in a pocket. Enough of them and a guy could get some extra smokes.

The candle-rack glittered below the few steps ascending to the Sacristy as the footsteps slowly approached with a hesitant pause. The Sacristy appeared empty and Johnny scrunched down beneath the candles as he pulled a screw-driver from his pocket. Inserting the point at the bottom of the coin chute, a pattern followed so many times previously, he pried and the bottom sprung open. Nothing jingled! Maybe it's all paper money and stuck way up in the tube? Cuz, once he had gotten two dollar bills but they had been folded and fell through into the cup — the cup that now gaped open and empty before him right now.

Squatting down further, Johnny pushed the screw-driver up inside the tube hoping to loosen anything that might have lodged there. Nothing dropped! Recalling his previous forays, Johnny couldn't understand this. Someone must have — then another glance at the cup revealed something white lining the bottom. Prying a bit with the screw-driver loosened the wedged paper. Something had been scribbled across the crinkled paper. Smoothing the sheet and standing so as to make use of the candle-light, Johnny scanned the printed message;

“THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH”

THE MIXED UP PAGE

WORD-WISE? Can you think of another word, slang or otherwise (like the word EGG), which also ends with two "G's?"

DATE-BAIT: The teen-aged Smith twins were strolling down the avenue one afternoon when along came Jake, a handsome boy both knew very well, and asked for a date.

Which Twin Do You Think Jake Asked?

WHAT GAME IS PLAYED-

- (A) With one hand?
- (B) With one foot?
- (C) With two fingers?
- (D) Entirely off the ground?
- (E) In what game do all but one member of each team play without the use of hands?

Can you explain these slang expressions and name the games from which they are derived?

- (A) Behind the eight ball.
- (B) He couldn't get to first base.
- (C) Ace in the hole.
- (D) Fourflusher.

What young trio gave promise at best of becoming hams, yet defied all expectations by singing and dancing their way to fame?

What authors created these famous detectives?

(This shouldn't be too much trouble for a who-dunit fan.)

- | | |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| (A) Sherlock Holmes. | (B) Philo Vance, |
| (C) Reggie Fortune. | (D) Lord Peter Wimsey, |
| (E) Perry Mason. | (F) Arsene Lupin. |

Give the traditional remark or cliché made under the following circumstances. (For example, after a succession of mishaps you might say, "It never rains but it pours.") To qualify as a cliché expert you must get 4 out of 5.

- (A) By a friend during a summer heat spell.
- (B) By a father spanking his son.
- (C) By a skeptical girl in response to a flattery.
- (D) By a man warned against drinking too much.
- (E) By a girl rejecting a suitor.

Can you decipher the following headlines with the proper nursery rhymes?

- (A) "Laundress Sustains Injury"
- (B) "Beauties Grace Gardens"
- (C) "Trio Plays For Royalty In Command Performance"
- (D) "One Who Strikes Out Mickey's Kin"
- (E) "Wages Rated By Efficiency"

A. A.

ANNIVERSARY BANQUET

The 13th Anniversary of the New Dawn, this institution's Alcoholics Anonymous group, was observed here on Sunday, June 16th. Approximately fifty guests from the outside attended. They came from Winnipeg, Brandon, Virden, Thompson, Toronto, and the U.S.A. For the first time two women attended the annual celebration, both of them from Al-Anon, an organization for the relatives and friends of the alcoholic.

The day split up into two sections, a closed and an open meeting. In the morning, only New Dawn members and invited guests were present, while anyone interested could attend the open meeting in the afternoon.

The closed meeting started at 10:00 a.m. with Bruce C. as chairman. After opening with the Serenity Prayer, Bruce called upon Bob M. to read the 12 Steps. The chairman welcomed everyone to the meeting. He then called upon the first speaker of the day, Warden F. S. Harris.

Warden Harris thanked the sponsors and all the outside guests for the work they have done with the New Dawn. He congratulated the New Dawn on their Anniversary and wished all the fathers a Happy Father's Day.

Hap M. brought the sponsor's greetings. He said it was a privilege to come out here. Hap told of the men who leave here and join AA on the outside. Statistics show that only 20 % of these men are recidivists. He called for a hand for Warden Harris and his assistants for their cooperation with the New Dawn.

Jim S., the Secretary of the New Dawn, told of his early years and of being trained for the Ministry. He stated that he must always remember one thing; he is always only one drink away from a drunk.

Frank D. said that he had a lot to be thankful for. For every excuse to take a drink, there are 20 excuses not to.

Tom N. was an ex-inmate. He told of his life before going to prison. He grew up in a family where there was an awful lot of drinking. The last thing he ever wanted was to become a drunk. His drinking started when he left home and went to work. It was a release from worry. Booze made him think he could be anything he wanted. He told how he broke up a prayer meeting because he thought other people knew nothing about religion. Now with AA, he has come to look at things more realistically.

Gordon N. of St. Paul says that he owes his life and everything he owns today to AA. He spends a lot of time at the jailhouse in Minneapolis working to help the alcoholic. If it were not for the spiritual part of the program, many would have no hope. Faith, hope, and love, sum up the 12 Steps of AA. Before he left, Gordon said that he was once known as St. Paul's greatest paper hanger (check artist).

Some of the guests were introduced by Tom B. He called out the different cities from whence they came and asked them to stand up and take a bow. He then called upon Des, an Irishman from Dublin, Ireland, who is now a resident of Toronto. He spoke of his drinking sprees when he arrived in Toronto, and his experiences in court, and at Don Jail. A judge said that Canada has enough drunks without importing them from Ireland.

Jim H., from the New Dawn, never had trouble getting work, for he is pretty good salesman. When problems arose he went on a bender and wound up in jail. Jim sincerely wants AA to help him live a useful life for himself and his family.

Bill I., another New Dawn member, said that if he wants to practice AA, he will have to get rid of his resentment.

Marge S. is the wife of an alcoholic. A member of the Al-Anon

group, she told how the organization works to help the families and friends of the alcoholic. She related her experiences and said that the alcoholic has three alternatives: one- to stop drinking, two- insanity, three- death. The Al-Anon group started when the wives realized they too had a problem and needed help. There are approximately 2,000 groups in the United States and Canada.

A buffet style lunch was served by the kitchen staff. The Alky-Kats, a St. Paul quartet, provided musical entertainment. Des, who told of his singing in the early mornings while drunk, was called upon to give us a sample. He proved to have a pleasing tenor voice.

Under the able chairmanship of Frank D. the meeting opened with Jim S. reading the Twelve Traditions. The chairman extended thanks to the kitchen for an excellent dinner, most tastefully served.

Reverend Wiznuk thanked the outside sponsors for their support. Since their participation he noticed an increase in interest and net results. Of twenty two graduates who kept in touch, only one has experienced difficulties. The outside sponsors must take credit for maintaining this interest.

Mr. H. Black, Assistant Deputy Warden, feels that inmates who participate in AA have a desire to better themselves. The visitors bring in a continual supply of new food for thought.

Ron S., from the New Dawn, was resentful until AA gave him a sincere desire to better himself. He thanked the guests for their attendance because it shows the inmate that someone is interested in his welfare.

Bruce C. compared his reactions when he was drunk, and when he was sober. His fervent hope is to live by the Serenity Prayer.

Howard F. was a drunk for twenty-three years. Through AA he discovered that this is a wonderful world. Howard emphatically feels that there is so much to be thankful for.

George N., of St. Paul, made his sixth trip in seven years to the New Dawn Anniversary. He came this year despite doctor's orders. Speaking of "skid row" he said there is one thing we usually forget to do- "Count our blessings."

Tom G., the main speaker, gave us several penetrating thoughts. He now has three years of sobriety. Every alcoholic he has ever known had a fear of one thing, failure. He summed up with this important advice, "Don't be afraid to ask for help."

Lower Fort Garry

One of the historical sites of Manitoba is located on Highway No.4 near the Red River. Lower Fort Garry was erected by Sir George Simpson in 1831. It was finished in 1835 with stone walls and bastions all around. The fort contained a pemmican store, a fur store, a warehouse, a waterhouse and well, four bastions, a Hudson's Bay Trading Post, an oil house, a mess hall, a barracks, a powder magazine, a general depot, and the Governor's Residence. Governor Simpson regarded it as home.

In 1850, they added a log wall, stables, a byre, court house and jail, work shop and barracks. Both walls remain erect today.

The major battle fought at Fort Garry was in 1869 when Louis Riel started his revolution. On November 2nd, Louis Riel and his men took over Lower Fort Garry without opposition. He put all his prisoners in the fort's jail and promised freedom if they joined his cause. Encouraged by victory over the prisoners Riel took on a Napoleonic fashion. After this display, he took possession of the Hudson's Bay Company funds with the coolness of a buccaneer.

At the start of 1871, Riel felt that power was slipping from his hands. That August, Col. Garnet Wolseley overthrew Riel, and Britain had the Fort once more. The Governor however, remained at Upper Fort Garry, where he had lived during the short reign of Louis Riel.

Today, Lower Fort Garry is open for sight seeing seven days a week. The original furniture is still in the Governor's Residence.

Glancing Through The Penal Press

KILBY SUN Alabama

PRISON AUTHORS GET EXTRA GOOD TIME- - Inmates of the Nevada State Penitentiary (Carson City) are the only ones in the United States who may earn good time by landing their literary accomplishments in the prison magazine.

THE ANGOLITE Louisiana

If its true that a fool and his money are soon parted . . . then tell us how he got it in the first place.

LAKE SHORE OUTLOOK Indiana

It takes but a second to administer a rebuke, but it may take a life time for the one who has been rebuked to forget it.

THE PENDLETON REFLECTOR Indiana

THE FACTORY OF NEW MEN - - Inmates of Lucumberri Penitentiary in Mexico, a crumbling fortress in use since 1900 will soon move to a new prison without locks or bars.

The unusul prison is rising near a new jail for women, which in two years of operation has proved the advanced concept of Mexican Penologists that prisoners do not have to be locked in cells. Women's dormitories

are never locked.

In "The Factory of New Men," as it translates from the Spanish, men will live in comfortable dormitories much like college students, learn trades in modern workshops and may reserve rooms in a twenty-room guest hotel when wives visit them overnight once a week

THE REFORMATORY PILLAR Minnesota

PARCHMAN, Miss. - The January issue of the Inside World, the penitentiary monthly magazine was delayed. Editor Robert Passons who is serving a ten-year robbery term failed to return from a Christmas leave.

THE MENTOR Massachusetts

The parole violator often resembles a pinball in a machine. When released from the little box, he meets all the jangle of unexpected noise and the cavalcade of garish lights and colors. He makes bells ring and lights glitter, for awhile, up there near the top. The impulse of good sense shake the machine a bit, trying to make all the scores add up to a big thing. But all the noise and brilliance fools the ball.

Soon it begins to bounce and bounce, aimlessly, headed toward the same metal box from which it came. Occasionally a light flickers on, signifying another chance at the game. Weak flippers of panic reach out and try to flip the ball back to the top. But no pinball, once it has started down, will go back up to stay. With a few neat thuds of finality, the ball of finality, lands perfectly in the box. The big game of parole was lost until another nickle comes along. On the scoreboard of "life" in pale letters T I L T.

Joliet Time

HOBBY CORNER

By Sarge

"COPPER TOOLING"

Among the many hobbies carried on by the inmates here in our "resort on the hill," is a favorite known as Copper Tooling. The copper is obtained in sheets which are approximately .005 inches thick.

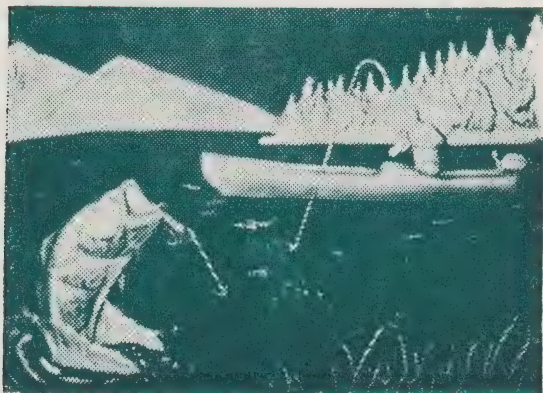
There are many various types of pictures that can be created by a method known as "working out the copper". One example, the favorite chosen by those purchasing copper pictures, is the "Last Supper". There are many more types of designs such as "Sports Scenes", "Chinese Sets", "Flowers," "Chariot Races", "Ballerinas", "Covered Wagon Scenes", and others too numerous to mention. Lodge emblems (any size) or name plates are among the popular sellers.



Some of these pictures are produced by means of a plaque or mold whereas others are fashioned by means of transferring a design (any design) on a piece of copper. Then, by working out the copper — pushing out the design from the back — the various details and highlights of the pattern are shown to advantage. This is called free-hand copper tooling. After the copper tooling is completed, a coat of copper antique is applied by using very

fine steel wool rubbed over the entire surface. This procedure will bring out the highlights and adds a lustrous finish to the picture. Backgrounds on the pictures are painted different colors or they may be left as is, showing off the natural copper in its entirety. Then, a final coat of lacquer is applied to the surface of the picture to protect it from such things as dust, finger-prints, and etc.

As in most hobby-work, copper tooling requires a lot of patience. Meticulous care is taken in the amount of pressure applied to the back as the copper is very thin and one could easily push through.



The men incarcerated here do these hobby projects to help adjust themselves financially for their release. All items sold are credited to the inmate's trust fund and held for his release.

Anyone wishing to view our Hobby Room may do so on Monday through Friday between the hours of 9:00 to 11:00 a.m. and 1:00 to 4:00 p.m. For further information, phone or write: The Warden, ATT.: Mr. R. E. Howard, Hobby Officer, Box 101, Stony Mountain, Manitoba.

BIG HOUSE

by Tony Anthony (1995)

It's a world of steel, cement and stone,

A world aloof, forlorn, alone,

Of broken hearts, of vice and sin,

A world of men who failed to win.

A world enclosed by high gray walls,

That echo back the lonely calls.

Of tier on tier of steel barred cells

A world controlled by ringing bells.

Devoid of women, filled with grief,

A world of hate beyond belief.

Of wrenching, rending, tearing pain,

A world of men who wait in vain.

A world where night is held in fear

When muffled sobs are what you hear.

A world where time can move so slow

Where minds depart and soaring go.

Of souls sunk deep in loneliness,

A barren world without caress,

A world deprived of privacy,

Forever where a guard can see.

Where night is right and tempers flare,

Of living dead with vacant stare.

Of swinging fists, of hidden knives,

Of bold contempt for human lives.

A world depraved, a world corrupt,

A world perhaps where Satan supped.

A throbbing, pulsing, world of gloom,

A world of fear, a world of doom.

And yet a world, though buried deep,

Of tender hearts, of men who weep.

Where men will give a treasured thing

To lift despair and pleasure bring.

A world of steel, cement and stone,

But still a world not quite alone,

For man is man, with heart and soul,

And love, compassion, is his goal.

13 th.

ANNUAL

SPORTS

DAY

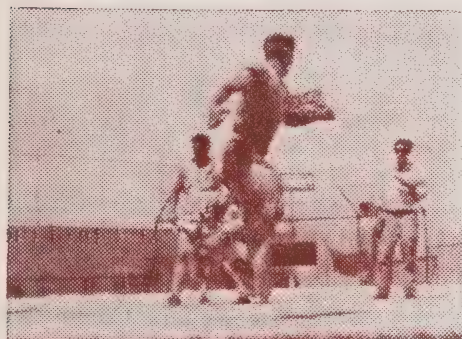


This July 1st is one I shall always remember. It was one of those track and field days with plenty of action.

There were 25 events of which 13 were group competitions. Three teams competed; Gold Eyes, Red Devils, and Blue Angels. Team practice resumed through the week. All day Monday, an assortment of events gave enjoyment to everyone. A swell show!

Group Events	1st Place	2nd Place	3rd Place
Base Running	B. Moad	Naugler	P. Wiebe
220 Yard Dash	B. Huff	B. Moad	L. O'Leary
Shot Put	B. Huff	B. W. Gilhooly	J. Twerdochlib

440 Yard Relay	Blue Angels	Red Devils	Gold Eyes
Discus Throw	B.W. Gilhooly	D. Anderson	R.L. Blanchard
Tug of War (Semi Final)	Red Devils bested the Blue Angels		
100 Yard Dash (1st tied between Huff & Moad)			L. O'Leary
High Jump	D. Anderson	B. Moad	Mcleod&Gordon
Running Broad Jump	D. Anderson	B. Huff	B. Moad
Hop Step & Jump	B. Huff	D. Anderson	N. Lyman
Hurdles Relay	Gold Eyes	Blue Angels	
Tug of War (Finals)	Red Devils	Gold Eyes	Blue Angels
Standing Broad Jump	N. Lyman	B. Huff	B. Moad



Open Events

Sack Race, Old Man's Race (45 and over), One Mile Race, Baseball Throw, Three-Legged Race, Wheelbarrow Race, Horse & Rider Tug, Ball in Barrel (45 and over), Single and Double Horseshoes, Pie Eating Contest, and the famous Obstacle Race.

With all the events to choose from, several men who didn't participate in any of them attracted my attention. Had there been an eating contest, they would have taken all the prizes with no difficulty. They kidnaped a couple of Coca Cola cases and parked beside the refreshment booth. From sun up to sun down they did nothing but eat hot dogs and hamburgers, while drowning them down with cokes.

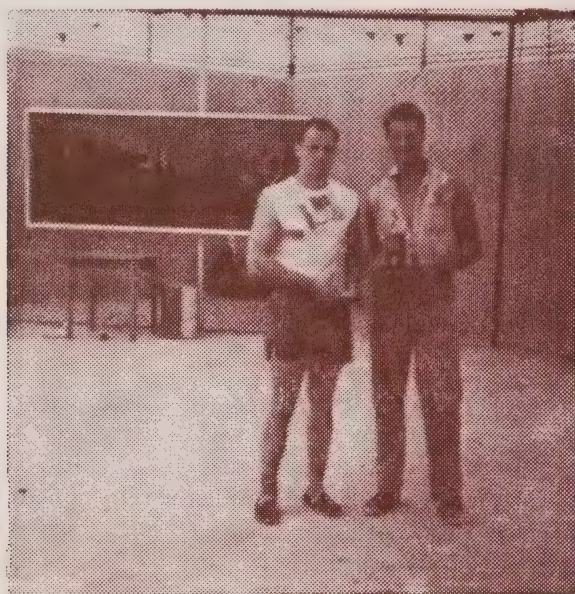
Two popular attractions were the carnival games. Chocolate bars and cigars were prizes for the milk bottle game and the dart throw.

As every year, the pie eating contest turned into a pie fight. I always thought it only happened in the movies, but seeing is believing. One chap, who spent the day filling his stomach, was heard to comment, "Oh, all that beautiful food goes to waste."

The event offering the most amusement was the obstacle race. Survivors from the pie eating contest still displayed the pie as a second suit of clothes, so the pit full of water was an attractive sight. In order to reach it the obstacle race lived up to its name. The runners had to bob for apples; jump through a tire; squeeze through a fence; go over an assault wall plastered with grease; crawl through a mixture of soot, flour, and lime. To get into the water a grease-covered, revolving pole proved to be the most frustrating obstacle of the day.

Mr. Wickey presented B. W. Gilhooly of the Gold Eyes with the team trophy. Mr. Scrutton gave Bob Huff the coveted "Athlete of the Day" award.

We would at this time like to thank the Inmate Welfare Committee and the Administration for their untiring effort. A special note of thanks to all the donors who contributed both merchandise and money to make this a happy and successful Field Day.



ON THE BALL

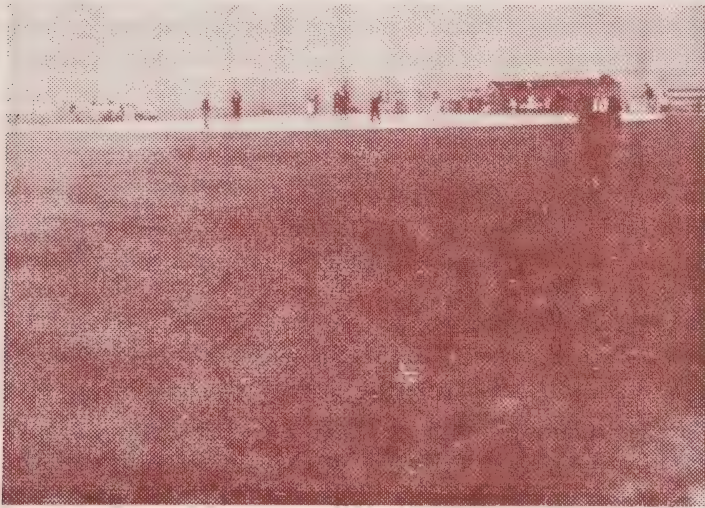
by Sam Klein

NEW YARD

The new Sports Yard was opened this June. It has grass in the center and a gravel road around the outside. The weight lifting is now done in the south-east corner of the yard. There is only one ball diamond in the new yard. Whereas both A league and B league games were played every night in two smaller yards, the leagues now alternate, necessitated by using the smaller yards for leg-stretching and lie-swapping.

The new yard was officially opened on a Sunday by the committee men, Bob Sarge and George Turner. Turner pitched the first ball to Sarge, who managed to grab the ball with both feet planted firmly on home plate.

Following this display of talent, the afternoon's game placed the "Rebels" against the "White Seals" of Winnipeg. Final: Rebels lost 7 to 4.



BASEBALL

With the advent of the new yard, re-organization was necessary with baseball schedules and team line-ups. In days gone by, each league had its own diamond, and played every day. The new yard has only one baseball diamond, so changes were necessary.

Prior to this, the A league was composed of three teams, and the B league had five teams. This unbalanced ratio put the schedule in a state of organized confusion. For a while, the baseball situation was in such a mess you'd think they were getting advice from the government. Eventually the Baseball Commissioner established a semblance of order with two balanced leagues, and four teams in each league.

A League is divided as follows:

Yankees-	coached by Naugler
Twins-	coached by Hayden
Red Sox-	coached by McGee
White Sox-	coached by Roulette

B League is composed of:

Tigers-	coached by Bellair
Cobras-	coached by Hoffner
Royals-	coached by Lyman
Bisons-	coached by Gilhooley

To keep things on an even keel, the Baseball Commissioner put player personnel on a permanent basis. From July 27, all teams were frozen for the rest of the season. Where a team is shorthanded due to circumstances beyond their control, the Commissioner has the right to lend a player from the pool.

At press time, team standings are:

A League			
Team	Games	Lost	Won
Twins	6	1	4
Yankees	6	2	3
White Sox	6	4	1
Red Sox	6	5	1

B League			
Team	Games	Lost	Won
Bisons	6	2	4
Cobras	6	3	3
Royals	7	4	3
Tigers	7	4	3

With controversy arising over suspension of players, Lucien B., our Baseball Commissioner, requested a change in procedure. To guarantee no appearance of prejudice, all suspensions will be decided by a five man board. This board is composed of Mr. Hancock, the Recreational

Supervisor, the Baseball Commissioner, and the three members of the Inmate Welfare Committee.

Since the board was formed, two cases have come under consideration. For using profane language, one B League player was suspended for two games. Another B League player quit the field during a game. For this infraction, the board placed him in the frozen player pool.

HEARD IN PASSING:

"Why does that man behind the catcher wear bars on his face?"

"That's the umpire, and its not bars. That's a face mask he's wearing. He keeps it on to protect himself from flying balls."

"From the looks of that umpire, it wouldn't do any harm to leave the mask off."

When we go back and read all those glowing predictions about how wonderful the future would be, it's pretty hard to realize that this is it. One thing which hasn't been changed by modern inventions is the job of umpiring. Whoever he is, the poor man is always heckled and ridiculed. To my knowledge, there is only one exception.

In June 1911, a man sat in the death house of the Nevada State Penitentiary awaiting execution for murder. His name was Pat Casey, and in better days he had been a professional baseball umpire. His last request? He had one, alright. He wanted to umpire one more ball game.

So the game was arranged. It was played the afternoon before Pat Casey marched to his death. Casey called balls and strikes for nine innings and not once did a convict player dispute a decision.

For the first time in six years, a sports column is being written in the absence of former editor Don Hambleton. He has been transferred to the Farm Camp. Hammy has taken a step upward toward eventual release.

During our brief acquaintance at the Echoes there was never a dull moment. When he cast a deaf ear to my suggestions I was very disheartened. I thought that, if a person kicked Hammy in the heart, he would break his toe. The next moment, his infectious grin and kind explanation would change the whole atmosphere. For harboring any evil thoughts, I felt low enough to need a stepladder to climb under a snake.

Each B league game found him behind the plate as an umpire. Diminutive in size, he more than made up for it with enthusiasm and good will. He will be sorely missed, both on the playing field, and here at the Echoes.

Answers To The Mixed Up Page

Word wise: YEGG

Date-bait: As each twin was of a different sex, Jake, asked the girl twin.

Sportsmen and Sportswomen:

(A) Jacks, fencing, dice, handball, bowling, tennis, chess.

(B) Potsy, hopscotch, chicken-fight.

(C) Marbles, tiddly-winks.

(D) Water polo.

(E) Soccer.

Indoor sporters:

(A) Faced with an insurmountable difficulty. (Pocket Billiards)

(B) Unable to succeed even in the first step. (Baseball)

(C) Secret advantage or telling point. (Stud Poker)

(D) One who pretends to be what he is not. (Poker)

Entertainers: The three little pigs.

Who-dunit fans:

(A) Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

(B) S.S. Van Dine.

(C) H.M. Bailey.

(D) Dorothy Sayers.

(E) Erle Stanley Gardner.

(F) Maurice Leblanc.

Remark or cliché:

(A) It isn't the heat; it's the humidity.

(B) This hurts me more than it hurts you.

(C) I'll bet you tell that to all the girls.

(D) I can take it or leave it alone; I always know when I've had enough.

(E) Can't we be friends? I'm not the only girl in the world. I'll be a sister to you.

Headlines:

(A) Along came a blackbird and snapped off her nose, from 'Sing a song of sixpence'.

(B) With silver bells and cockle shells and pretty maids all in a row, from 'Mary, Mary, quite contrary'.

(C) He called for his fiddlers three, from 'Old King Cole'.

(D) The clock struck one and down he come, from 'Hickory, Dickory, Dock'.

(E) You shall have but a penny a day because you don't work any faster, from 'See-Saw, Margery Daw'.

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